VOLUME LV CHICAGO, JUNE 1, 1905. NUMBER 14

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

The Dedication.

(ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, 1905.)

And what is this you dedicate? Is it the brick and stone?
These walls set high and fair—do you but build these walls alone?
Is it that you would dedicate this work that you have done,
Or consecrate the structure of great deeds that is begun?

We may fold hands and look at this, and know that it is good,
And praise the marvels that are wrought of senseless stone and wood,
But we must go bare-armed and strong from labor made complete
To all the harder, longer tasks we know that we must meet.

The perfect house is not made up of roof and wall and floor—
The perfect house bids welcome or cries Godspeed at door—
Its builders labor on in love, are spendthrift of their strength
Until the house shall stand in simple majesty at length.

It is the house not made with hands, not built of stone and steel,
Whose base is the great common thought that all of us must feel,
Whose clear design but follows out the one eternal plan
That they who work in brotherhood must know their brother man;

That they who work in brotherhood, who build with word and deed,
Toil on a structure which outgrows the confines of a creed,
Raise up a temple wonderful beneath the blessed skies—
A temple as enduring as the truth that never dies.

Build on. Build high and true and fair, throughout the changing years,
And light shall break where darkness broods, and smiles take place of tears.
The blessing of a worthy deed is that its luster glows
Like sunbeams coaxing laughter to the dewdrops on the rose.

So, you have built—but still you build, and not with brick and beams,
For you shall breathe the breath of life into your cherished dreams,
And you shall see your faith take form again, and yet again,
For you build more than temples—Aye, for you are building men!

And what is this we dedicate? Not roof and floor and wall,
But the brave trust in that white light which leads us one and all;
We consecrate our hope and faith in this that has been done
And dedicate ourselves anew to what is but begun.

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

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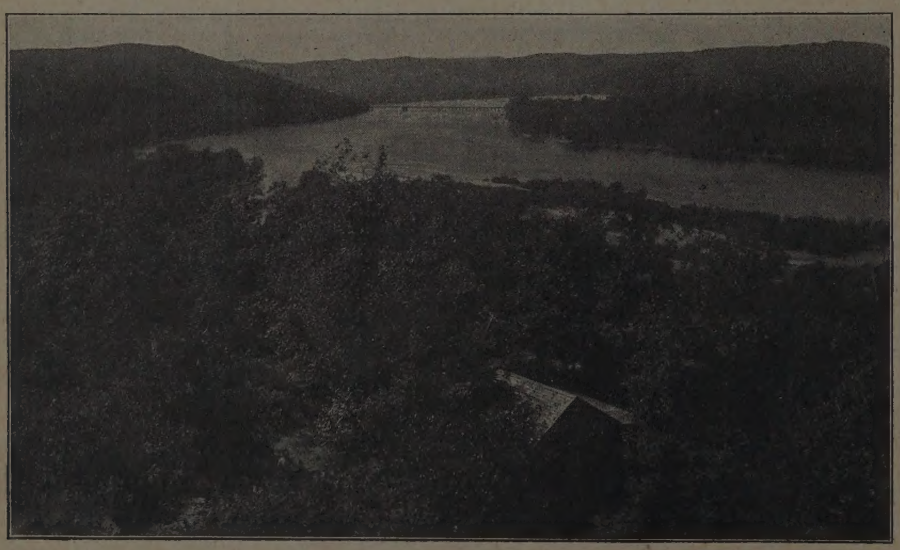

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1905. NUMBER 14

Hymn for the Dedication of Abraham Lincoln Centre.

To thee we give this house, O God,—
A heart-sent gift, untrammeled, free,—
O make thy dwelling-place herein
That strength may come to us thro' thee.

Here may thy presence ever shine,—
Here let thy blessing ever fall,—
From tired bird to fainting soul
Make here a sheltering home for all.

To thee we consecrate ourselves,—
Thy willing helpers e'er to be,—
Till peace and love shall fill these halls
And bring all souls at last to thee.

A. A. O.

From the banquet tables of the Unitarians at Boston we catch this prophetic note: Professor Peabody of Harvard College is reported to have said, "We are on the eve of a revival of religion but it must be not an emotional revival nor a theological revival, but primarily and fundamentally a moral revival." Commenting on this the *Boston Transcript* says: "If we can have a true revival of morality we can erect upon it stately mansions of religion and virtue. Religion that is separate from morality is not the genuine article, though it frequently masquerades so successfully as such as to almost deceive the very elect."

The editor of UNITY is too much in it this week to give much attention to editorial work. The exercises at Lincoln Centre on Sunday last and the days following were of such a nature as to exclude his reporting or commenting. The large pile of letters and dispatches received from all parts of America and beyond the seas were too personal to be quoted and of such a nature as to bring humiliation over the small subject of such large appreciation, but he takes advantage of his editorial position to express here his gratitude to the friends, and to record anew the pledge that he will do what he can to justify the encouragement offered him and to prove that the sacrifices that made the occasion possible were not wasted.

Three of the great Christian denominations have recently been taking decisive steps towards union. The Congregationalists, Methodist Protestants and United Brethren are steadily moving towards what is called a "Christian union." This is most encouraging, but it is hopefully pathetic to realize that the Christian union cannot be realized until the emphasis is placed upon the "union" rather than the "Christian," for the friends of morality, the devout children of God are found beyond the outermost rim of the Christian word. George Eliot said long ago, "That church cannot save sinners that does not satisfy saints." And the saints will not be shut in; they prefer to be with those who are left on the outside.

In the death of Mary A. Livermore another member of the "Old Guard" has passed into the beyond. And what a valiant soldier she has been! The present writer first learned to watch for her name when a boy, way back in the fifties, when she edited the Home Department of the *New Covenant,* the organ of the western Universalists, edited by her husband. He can almost remember the title of a serial story published in that paper, perhaps the first serial story that ever enlisted his sustained attention. Her husband, D. P. Livermore, was the first minister that the editor of UNITY ever heard confessedly preach the liberal gospel that believes in the universal brotherhood of man on this and on the other side. Then came the war and the Sanitary Commission and she was worthy fellow of them all, Mother Bickerdike's trusted companion, the executive hand of the Sanitary Commission. And then the platform invited her and she became the spokesman of the unfranchised, the champion of her sex, the advocate of the unfortunate, the neglected dog and horse, until in the full light of her gray hairs she was as a beacon giving light on dark subjects, directing all sailors in the way they should go. Persuading, helpful, commanding. Brave Mary Livermore! Great Mary Livermore! Her mantle may not fall on one, but it should fall on hundreds of shoulders.

"Working with the People" is the title of the last book that has reached our editorial table,—a little hand book of 150 pages, setting forth with unpretentious simplicity the work being done at the People's Institute of New York City under the managing direction of Mr. Charles Sprague Smith. The book was issued last year from the house of A. Wessels Company, but it falls under our eye for the first time. Here are discussed a "People's Forum," a "People's Church," a "People's Club," a "People's Hall"; a chapter on "Progressive Democracy"; a chapter on "Courses in Social Science" with introductory material showing the growth of the organization and the nature of the experiments. One such experiment as this is worth a library of theory. One man like Mr. Smith at the present emergency is worth more to religion than a faculty of theologians, not but what thought must always precede action and that morality must rest in

philosophy, but because just now our theories have far outrun our practice, and the new problems of the times have been beaten out in the study far beyond the realization in practice. The question is not What is desirable, but What is practical. Thousands of people approve of the new method who still are staggered by the perplexities of the situation. Let those who despair of the church study such experiments as these and their finality and discover what a large future there is in store for the church that sets for itself the task of serving the community rather than the sect, of putting religion in the present tense and the plural number.

Thaddeus B. Wakeman in an article in *The Open Court* for June, "The Widow's Mite," pronounces sentence of mortality upon the soul with as insistent intolerance as ever churchman displayed in asserting the resurrection of the body. Mr. Wakeman evidences the crude dogmatism of negation, which is no less repulsive to the true liberal than the pretentious claims of the most hard-and-fast-orthodoxy. His denial of immortality hinges on a discussion of Dr. I. K. Funk's book on "The Widow's Mite and the Spirit of Henry Ward Beecher," and while his skepticism concerning the credibility of the alleged spiritistic manifestations is altogether fair and intelligent, his reasons for rejecting the spirit hypothesis are anything but conclusive. He quotes from the *Theses* of Prof. Ernest Haeckel: "The soul of man has been recognized as the totality of brain functions. Their activity, of course, becomes extinct in death; and in our day it appears to be perfectly absurd to expect, nevertheless, a personal immortality of the soul." And Mr. Wakeman goes on to draw conclusions: "After the death of Henry Ward Beecher there was, therefore, no possible spirit, soul, or consciousness of him extant, to bother or be bothered about this 'widow's mite' or anything else. Any other supposition is not only untrue but absurd." Mr. Wakeman informs us, moreover, that all who, contrary to the "commonplace of science," admit or imply the possible existence of Mr. Beecher's soul after death belong in the category of "quacks, frauds, and the misinformed." Before the vast mysteries of the life of man—mysteries which we believe even the superior intelligence and overweening confidence of Mr. Wakeman cannot fully explain in terms of brain tissue, or "the two bottom laws of science," the deeper reverence of the questioner would have been more seemly. The grandeur, the sublimity, the overwhelming mystery of the soul life has seemed and still seems to many other than "quacks, frauds, and the misinformed," not so simple of solution, not so easily resolved into bundles of material forces. We are grateful to the editor of *The Outlook* for his answer to Mr. Wakeman in defense of immortality, even though the immortality which he defends is no more than the immortality of great thoughts and actions, and though the soul has no other meaning to him than "the content of our thought, the purpose of our will, the leading motive of our sentiments," which lingers after us as "a living power," exercising a decisive influence upon mankind. Even in so shadowy an immortality there is an infinite grandeur—to be of "the choir invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world," but for some of us the soul itself will always refuse to be defined either as bodily processes or as the thoughts and feelings and actions which proceed from the soul. Some of us will always continue to stand in awe before the mystery of soul-life which we cannot fathom, but which we believe in because we believe in ourselves and in the universe. D.

Henry M. Simmons.

Two hours after the dispatch arrived saying that the patient sufferer was at rest came the following letter:

"My dear Jones: It goes without saying that my best blessing is on you and Lincoln Hall for Sunday and for the Congress. My love to you and to all of yours."

Later came the letter from a friend to say that in his last conscious moment he charged the officers of the church "Not to bother Mr. Jones about it in this his busy week."

Surely it was the place for the Editor of UNITY to be, beside that casket, but it was also his place to be with the program which he had called into being at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. And so the last words over the coffin were said by nearer and later friends. On Sunday next, breaking through other engagements, the memorial word will be said in his pulpit by the Editor of UNITY, and the sweet sad hour we hope will be enriched by the presence of many other friends.

This is not the time to speak the fitting word for Henry Simmons. Our readers will be glad to wait, as they can well afford to wait for the more deliberate tribute that may be planned later along. Suffice it at this moment to say that through the friendship of thirty-three years, in the ties of closest intimacy, the freest comradeship, the intimate companionship in work and play, revealed no sordid or sinister element in the winsome character. As scholar, as friend, an interpreter of books or of men, a student of nature or of human nature, he was always satisfying, quickening, stimulating.

Dear comrade of many a tramp, guide into many delightful study walks, revealer of the marvelous, perennial source of good will and cheerfulness, farewell! and yet, not farewell. The world is more lonely to the present writer now that Simmons has passed on, but the way thither seems less formidable and the beyond more real.

"More home-like seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, forevermore!"

Dedication of the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

The dedicatory exercises of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, which began with the Easter services and continued through the four succeeding Sundays with the trilogy of sermons on "The Reinforcements of Faith," already published in these columns, and the dedication sermon of the organ, are unfinished up to the time of the present writing.

On Saturday afternoon, May 27, the Sunday-school of All Souls Church gathered to witness the flag-raising over the new building. At four o'clock, the appointed hour, all was in readiness, and a happy group of children and teachers assembled on and around the steps of the little old All Souls Church across the street, just the proper distance for a good perspective. A rope dangled from the roof to the ground. The minister, Mr. Jones, seized the rope, and in another moment the flag appeared above the roof and floated from its staff, flinging to the breeze its message of "Peace and good will," for it was the peace flag, the Stars and Stripes, bordered with a band of white. The company saluted the flag with hurrahs and waving of handkerchiefs, and then, at the pastor's request, all heads were bowed in reverent silence to wish the greatest and best thing for our country. Then the new pipe organ of the Lincoln Centre found its voice in the familiar strains of the "Star Spangled Banner." The little organ in the little church across the way responded, and children's voices mingled in the song that lifts the heart of every American. The tune carried the voices over from the martial words to the song of peace, "The White-bordered Banner," written for the occasion by the pastor. These are the words:

Our stars and our stripes are now bordered with white,
To justice and peace all the nations inviting.
'Tis the emblem of love giving might to the right,
All the races and creeds in truth's service uniting.
Not by powder and ball, but through love's higher call
Will the merciful banner yet wave over all.
O the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the lands and the seas, all God's children to save!

"Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
O the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the lands and the seas, all God's children to save!

What was the origin of the white-rimmed flag? Such a flag has floated for some years from All Souls Church, but no one seems to know from whom came the first suggestion. Was it from the Peace Conference at the Hague? We shall be grateful for information.

The general dedication of the building took place on Sunday morning, May 28. The auditorium was simply but beautifully decorated with flowers and greens, brought and arranged by loving hands. The broad platform was bordered with wood ferns brought by Wisconsin friends from Tower Hill and Hillside. A bunch of lilies of the valley from the grave of the minister's father and mother lent a tender grace to the pulpit, and three American Beauty roses brought a pledge of brotherhood and fellowship from three sister churches of New York.

"Behold, all souls are mine," was the program motto. Interwoven with the theme of the organ voluntary were airs tenderly associated with the traditions of All Souls Church, not forgetting an echo from the hills of Wales. Of the five hymns used one was written for the occasion by one of our own number, one for the dedication of All Souls Church in 1886 by one who was then with us and of us, and whom, though separated from us by distance, we still claim as ours in the spirit. The others have for many years been familiarly and lovingly known in the services of All Souls Church.

The scripture reading, selected by a mother in All Souls Church, was given by the Rev. E. C. Smith, of Hinsdale. A financial statement was made by Mr. Kent, chairman and treasurer of the Building Committee, adding that it is desired to complete the building by October 1, free from debt. This, he said, would be raised, but no one need, therefore, be discouraged from hopes of future usefulness in this direction, for plenty more would be needed. Mr. Kent assured the congregation that every dollar of the money received had been examined with a microscope and none of it was tainted. A dedicatory poem was read by Mr. W. D. Nesbit, the "Lin-o-type Man," who so often delights the readers of the *Chicago Tribune*. The Sunday-school participated in the exercises through representatives of the different classes with dedication greetings, selected and original, and by an antiphonal chorus from Gounod's "Redemption," led by the chorister, Mr. Apmadoc. The same responses were read by pastor and congregation as were used in the dedication of All Souls Church in 1886, and the following dedication prayer was offered by Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo:

O God, thou Master-Builder,
We could but build to Thee
Who laid thy rocks in courses,
Who reared the forest tree.
This temple's good foundation
Is anchored in thy care;
Thine is the gift, and thine the laws
Which these brave walls upbear,

O Thou, the Master-Builder,
May this fair temple be
But symbol of that fairer
Which here shall rise to Thee:
Beneath, strong bonds of duty,
Strongholds of truth; above,
The interlocking arches
Of self-forgetting love.

Thou God, the Master-Builder,
Still let us build with Thee
That over-arching temple
Of all humanity
Whose chorus through the ages
Gives to each voice its part—
Thyself the guiding presence
Within the yearning heart.

Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done!
Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.
Lead us away from temptation by so much as we seek to keep the feet of others from the paths of sin and pain.
Deliver us from evil that we, too, may become deliverers;
And save us by sending us on errands of salvation to the wandering and the lost.

So may thy kingdom come, thy will be done, through this church builded in such faith and hope; through this people who today, with reverent and thankful hearts, enter into their great possession. In thy name, Our Father, and in the name of all thy children, so let it be.—Amen.

The sermon was preached by Rev. William C. Gannett, now of Rochester, N. Y., once and always a helper and member of All Souls Church, one who comes to his own when he comes to Chicago, and who has borne many a burden with and for the minister of this church. His former church in Hinsdale was closed for the day and the Hinsdale

congregation helped to swell the audience which overflowed the seating capacity of the Lincoln Centre auditorium. Mr. Gannett's subject was "The Life of God in the Soul of Man." I will not mar it by quotation, for it will appear entire in due time in the pages of this paper.

Letters and telegrams of congratulation were read by the pastor from many absent friends, ministers and others, north and south, east and west. Among these were Rev. A. W. Martin, of Seattle, Washington; Jasper L. Douthit, of Lithia, Ill., Anna Garlin Spencer, of Rhode Island, and Eleanor Gordon, of Des Moines, Iowa. Rev. Heber Newton, who was detained from the conference by the illness of his wife, wrote:

"It seems to me as though the great festival ought not to go ahead without me—such is the egotism of friendship! I will be with you all day in spirit and no heartier or more loving rejoicing will go out towards you and your new work than that of your Church friend."

And the Western Unitarian Conference sent a resolution that

The Fity-Third annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference congratulates Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones upon the completion of Lincoln Centre and, conscious of the devotion which made this possible, rejoices with him in the ideal which it represents and wishes him God-speed in his work.

But tenderest of all was the loving line from the pen of Henry M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, for a letter passed the telegram and reached here before it, announcing his release from pain. This suggested a memorial word from the minister for those who have passed from among us into the larger life, and this was followed by the singing of a hymn by John W. Chadwick, now of loving memory—"a song of those who answer not." Then the benediction by the pastor, and thus ended the morning portion of the dedication of this house to "the reverent search for Truth," and "the service of Righteousness."

In the evening the opening session of the Congress of Religion was held. The devotional exercises were led by the Rev. F. V. Hawley. The President of the Congress, Rev. H. W. Thomas, gave the sermon, "The Plan and Purpose of the Ages." It was Dr. Thomas at his best, and I can say no more than that. I need not quote, for it will be found in other columns of UNITY.

The sermon was followed by words of greeting from neighboring ministers.

Rev. R. A. White, of the Stewart Avenue Universalist Church, spoke as follows:

I was thinking as I sat here in this beautiful auditorium that what some of us have been praying for and preaching about these many years we have at last realized. I simply came down tonight to rejoice with you and be glad with you. I am glad for the people of this church and for my friend, Mr. Jones, that at last the thing which you have sought these many years in eagerness and sometimes almost in tears you have at last accomplished. I am glad for this great city that out of your eagerness and your toil you have established this great new center of spiritual and ethical force and earnestness. Therefore I bring the congratulations of the people of my church who are glad with me and with you and with our mutual and honored friend, your Pastor. We trust that this great center of influence will accomplish in this city all that you have hoped it would accomplish, and I have no doubt that all the high hopes that you have had, the dreams that you have dreamed and the visions you have seen will through this great new instrumentality be sometime realized.

Mr. White was followed by Rev. F. E. Dewhurst, of the University Congregational Church:

If I should write the familiar ditto marks under the words that my friend, Mr. White, has spoken, it would express pretty nearly what I wish to say, for I come to-night to speak, not for the Congress, which needs no speaking for, but to bring a single word of greeting to your people of All Souls Church and to express my gratitude along with yours that at last your hope and dream is realized. It has seemed to me a very significant thing that the interest and hopes and ideals that have been embodied these many years in this organization should at last be brought together and housed and now dedicated in the name of Abraham Lincoln. I wanted to-night simply to recall to your mind what I think has, more than likely, been recalled in these various dedicatory services, the words that Emerson spoke on the occasion of the death of Lincoln, which, to my mind, are among the greatest words ever spoken in regard to Lincoln, in the course of which he said that "By his courage, his justice, his even temper and his humanity he stood an heroic figure in an heroic epoch; that he was the true history of the American people of his time. Step by step he walked before them, slow with their slowness, quickening his step with theirs,—the true representative of the American people of his time." It seems to me a most hopeful and significant thing that a body of people should count it worth while to dedicate their house to the memory and the name of Abraham Lincoln, and it should be a suggestive and helpful thing to all of us who are doing any work anywhere, and particularly in a great city like this, the maelstrom of so many interests and so many people, that we should take to heart that which was, according to Emerson, the most central thing in the life and spirit of Lincoln; that it should stand before us as a representative of that great patience, that ceaseless patience which is necessary in all the relations with our fellow men, in holding them to truth and to brotherhood. Among all the other good things that have been said and will be said, I bring to you tonight this echo from Emerson regarding Lincoln.

Rev. E. S. Ames spoke as follows:

I suppose I am the most orthodox minister here; at least I am sure that my own people hope that I am. And yet it is strange perhaps that I should feel so much at home here and have a sense of the large hospitality and kindliness which is extended in the greetings of the pastor of this church and in the auspices of the Congress of Religion, under which we are here. It is surely a time when all of us interested in religion must realize that more and more no denomination, no set of people can hope to make sure for itself or for the world that it has all the truth. It is also a time when we are realizing that every other denomination and every other set of people has some truth, and in these common names of truth, which we all realize, there is something real upon which we are to find a foothold and a basis for work of a much larger and more comprehensive sort than the church has ever had before. Now I take it as an omen of great good things for religion,—not for this or that particular form of religion, but for Religion manifesting itself in many ways. This center is here now dedicated to the many-sided interests of human nature brought together under the great, inspiring ideals of religion and I am only too glad to voice many things which are in my heart and mind in the way of congratulation to this people and to our city, our community, upon the completion of this great work in which we all feel a hearty interest and in which we all shall share, and I trust more and more in the great future which is to come to religion. We who are here and we who are scattered through the city under different names and auspices shall learn how practically to understand one another and to coöperate together for the great interests of the kingdom of God.

Dr. Hirsch, of the Sinai Congregation, said:

I am glad the Lincoln Centre was organized. When I am away if my people can not hear my Jewish colleagues, they are glad to hear my other colleague, Rev. Rabbi Jones. We of Sinai Congregation are glad that Mr. Jones' dreams have come true. May this house become a home for the culture of art and of mind. May it be an influence in our city for peace among men, good will among men. May those who come hither carry home the best that the human soul can command. May truth and love and happiness be yours and my brother's, Jenkin Lloyd Jones' in the fulness of God's grace and in the abundance of God's benediction. May God answer this, my prayer for your welfare, your happiness, your enlightenment.

The meeting closed with a benediction.

On Monday evening the house was filled with an audience which again tested the capacity of the auditorium to listen to President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University, who spoke on the timely subject of Japan to an appreciative and enthusiastic audience. The Conference has been most auspiciously opened and we have every reason to hope that the remaining sessions will not fall below the high-water mark already reached. EVELYN H. WALKER.

I care not how men trace their ancestry,
To ape or Adam; let them please their whim;
But I in June am midway to believe
A tree among my far progenitors,
Such sympathy is mine with all the race.

James Russell Lowell.

THE PULPIT.

Plan and Purpose of the Ages.

Opening Sermon of the Congress of Religion, by Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, Delivered in the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Sunday Evening, May 28, 1905.

We are Workers Together With God. 1st Cor. 3:9.

We think of the countless generations of human beings in the known and the unknown ages of the past. We look out upon the thousand more millions of the present. We think of the earth upon which these generations have lived and died, and where we are journeying through the years of time. We look out upon the suns and systems of a universe in space that is boundless, and duration that is endless.

It all is; but whence, and how did it come to be? And what does it all mean? Is there final cause, design, plan, purpose?

The earth and the stars are not asking these questions; the animal world that companions and serves man is not troubled with such thoughts. And why is it that we human beings have in all ages been trying to open the doors that lead to the knowing?

In the answer to such questions as these we find the foundations of assured thinking. Man asks these questions because they are a part of and rise up out of the depths of his own essential being.

Plan and purpose, the rational and the moral, are essential attributes of mind. As principles and qualities they go forth to find and to actualize their own in the world of things; the true, the beautiful, the good.

On the material side of the dual and yet one life of man; are the facts of sensation, of pleasure, pain, hunger, thirst and all bodily needs, and man goes forth to find the answering world to these and to actualize its manifold industries. And the higher is just as natural on its own plane as the lower; just as natural on the soul side of being to long for the Infinite; to love truth and beauty and the good, as for the sense side of existence to seek material things.

The life of man, as thus seen, is wonderfully large. He is himself a microcosum—a little world; he touches, is related to and a part of all that is. He has to do with the truths of reason, the ideals of right, and the actualities of matter and sense.

All this is so wonderful that reason cannot rest in the thought that it is accidental; a fortuitous concurrence of blind forces. The design, the plan that is in mind, sees in great Nature a plan, a purpose; and thus man finds himself in a rational order. Chaos meant cosmos; cosmos meant life; life meant man. It was a vast process of orderly becoming; the Azoic or lifeless age made possible the Paliozoic or first forms of life; and as the aeons of earth—becoming prepared the way, came the mezozoic and the cenozoic—the middle and recent forms of life. And when at last the wonderful world-home was made ready, came man. He came last because he could not come first; and with his coming were revealed the higher values and uses of the rocks and minerals and beds of coal that had been stored away in the earth.

Upright in form, standing on two feet, face on a line with the chest, hands to work, expressive features, eyes that weep, lips that speak, laugh; the physically perfect could be carried no higher.

This new occupant and owner of a world is self-conscious; knows that he is; affirms self and other. His mind is improvable; poor in instinct, he is rich in capacity to learn and do; and hence is easily self-transcending. He lives not alone in the value of things and reason; but is somehow conscious of the right; of moral qualities as well as material properties. He feels the obligations of duty as well as the sense of physical need; is as conscious of the peace or the pangs of conscience as of the pleasures or pains of the senses. He is the "upward-looker;" above him are the skies of the Infinite.

We are not thinking of a mythical man and world, but of the real; of ourselves and the world that is. We are ourselves essentially planning and purposeful, rational and moral beings, and are finding our places in the plan and purpose of the ages. To deny this is to deny our own essential being, and to claim at most but an animal existence. To say that we are agnostics —know nothing about it—is popular, boastful, even, in some circles, as of a superior wisdom, that knows only that it does not know. And some are entirely sincere in this; but it means that they have only the sense-vision; that the higher consciousness of the Divine has not yet been awakened, or has been clouded by wrongdoing, or an unreasonable religion.

Man is essentially a rational and moral being, and normally developed finds himself a part of and in glad harmony with the rational and moral order of the universe. If only the sense side of existence has been awakened, he lives the sense life; when reason has been called forth he adds to sense existence, knowledge and power to do; with the dawn of the vision of the Divine comes the great day, the joy, the now and forever of being; of oneness with the Infinite.

We are not asking now how all this can be. We are saying a little about what is; what man is; and of his wonderful surroundings. And all this, not from books, creeds, councils, authorities, but from the inner world of consciousness and the outer world of things. Books, Bibles, creeds, have their places and values; they conserve and carry along the teachings of the past, its truths and errors; but the realities are not in books, but in things; in man and his world; in the soul and God. And when we speak of the decline or loss of faith, of morals and religion, the change is in man, not in things. Great nature does not depend upon the opinions of man; the laws and principles of the rational and moral order do not ask his permission to be. They are; and in kind, the essential attributes of mind are the same; the loss of faith, of religion is the loss of conscious relationship of man with his corresponding world of the true and the good. Hence the folly of a prescribed and enforced faith and religion. Faith and religion should be so reasonable and right as to find a glad welcome in the reason and conscience of man.

We have been looking at that which is; at plan and purpose, the rational and moral as essential attributes of man; and at the plan and purpose of nature and the moral order as the corresponding world of man.

In the nature of the case, man could have no choice whether to be or not to be; or what to be; or the kind of world in which to be. In so far, we are all creatures of necessity; of some Higher Power. But at this point we come to a most significant fact in the plan and purpose of the ages. It is this: that given his being and world man is to be trusted forth in the free use of his powers and of his world; and this for the making of himself.

Free, and yet not free; for physically man is conditioned in the laws of the material; rationally, he is conditioned in the laws of reason; and morally, in the laws of right. But these limitations upon a lawless freedom are the necessary conditions of the higher possibility of doing and becoming. Only the non-existent, that which is not, can be unconditioned; that which

is, is by reason of what it is. We cannot think of God as unconditioned. The self-existent is the necessary; hence God cannot be free, not to be. The old idea of a "first cause" is not without the serious difficulty in thought of forever requiring a cause back of cause. We have to think of the uncaused; of that which always was. The laws of reason, the principles of right, the qualities of the good always were; they are the eternal realities of ontology, of being. God is truth, reason, justice, love, being; God is the principle of principles.

The universe is the objectivized expression of God; the plan, the purpose is to bring these principles and qualities into free and harmonious action in the reason and conscience of man; in a world of beings conditioned in freedom. The material earth and physical bodies are conditions, means, to this higher end; a school, a discipline of transactional righteousness in the duties and right relations of man to man, and man to God.

Free to plan and act; free to do wrong, or there would be no virtue in doing right; but man is not and cannot be free from the laws of physical consequences and moral sequences; for these are parts of his existence and being. If he sin against his own body, he must suffer; and the moral order is just as certainly a fact as is the material. Man is free to try; he can succeed only in harmony with the Divine plan.

The moral order of the good is not an arbitrary something created and imposed upon a world; it is in the essential nature of man as a rational, social, moral being. It is in the relations of man and woman and the family; in the transactional relations of truth or falsehood, justice or injustice, love or hatred, between neighbors, communities, states and nations. We talk of the good as ideal; and it is; but to be the good it must be the actual—be actualized in the concrete facts of good thoughts, feelings and deeds. The ideal is not a mythical abstraction; it is to make man and his world ideal; to crown labor and human service with honor; to undo the wrongs of government and religion; to help the poor and ignorant to rise to plenty and intelligence; to make this a glad world of justice and brotherhood.

By such thoughts and reflections we have been trying to deepen and enlarge and make more real the tremendous facts and meanings of man and his world; of the soul and God; and in this way to find the larger place and meaning of the Congress of Religion.

"We are workers together with God." Homer had his upper world of the gods working with the lower world of man; coming and going; gods of earth and ocean, war and peace, taking part in all human affairs; laughing, quarreling, loving, marrying among themselves, and begetting children of women. Of course, they were mythical; had to be; the Greek language then had no words to express abstract thought—the age of philosophy had not arrived; everything had to be objectivized. But mythology had a meaning; the gods of Homer were real to the outward-looking minds of that age; the moral order of the world was seen; justice, right, had to be done; over all was Zeus, the One God, whose will was supreme.

We of this age think of the immanency of the Divine; of God in his world, not outside of it; in the laws of nature; think of the universe as born, not made; and hence in working with nature we are working with God. The earth and the life forces are made ready; we do our little part, then trust all to nature.

And God is in the moral order of the good—is that order; "the principle of principles;" goodness in actions. Hence religion asks—must ask—the supreme surrender of the will of man to the will of God. It cannot be forced; must be voluntary, a free consenting, or it would not be will.

And here is the plan and purpose of the ages. Here is the ceaseless, tireless love, the infinite patience of God; waiting, brooding over minds and hearts, forgiving the penitent, warning the sinner. It is the appeals of reason and the motivities of the good over against the pleadings, the errors of carnality, selfishness, evil thinking and doing. All the passions and powers of man are good in their right places and uses. Evil is the wrong use, the abuse of the good.

Ever present and self-effective in all this wonderful scene are the laws of physical consequences and moral sequence. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap." The deed returns to the doer. Sins against the body carry their consequences of suffering in the body. Wrongs against others, or against the social order, are wrongs against the self; lower and hurt the moral nature, and set in motion influences, forces that come back upon the doer. These are consequences, sequences, rather than punishments; they are beneficent, educational, justice in action. And in this way evil is made self-correcting, self-undoing. Slavery killed itself in our country; despotism is undoing despotism in Russia; war is killing war. This does not mean that man should do evil that good may come; it does mean that right is stronger than wrong and in the end must prevail. Moral principles, qualities are entities; are in God; are God; and are in the essential nature of man. Evil is not an entity; is not self-existing; it is the negative side of the good, the error, mistake, an incident in the becoming of the good.

Such, suggestively, is the plan, the purpose of man and his world, as seen in the light of what he is as a physical body related to the material, and a rational and moral being related to reason and right.

And it all rests upon the unquestionable foundations of consciousness. There is no way to prove that the world is, or that we ourselves are; it is primary knowing; the affirmations of consciousness are, must be, final. But reason has gone forth in the physical sciences and found more and more of the amazing facts and uses of the material until man is almost God-like in his power to do. But all in working with the natural order. Before the days of Bacon and the Inductive methods there was almost no such thing as science; now there is a large body of collective data, verified facts; but in reaching these nearly all the old deductive conclusions and theories had to be cast aside as untrue.

We have found the new heavens and the new earth; the foundations of the real could not be taken away. The mistakes of the past were about *something,* not about nothing, and that something is now seen not as a little geocentric earth, but as a vast and orderly universe.

Philosophy has essayed the subjective; sought to explore and interpret to itself the world of mind, of reason, thought, knowing. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle thought of mind as the deeper reality of ideas and principles lying back of and finding expression in the phenomenal; that at center this is a thought world. Looking out through the senses and studying the laws and properties of the material world, Bacon accentuated the facts of sense-knowing. Hobbes followed Bacon and Locke formulated the philosophy that all knowledge must come through the senses. This, maybe, is true of the world of properties; but if that be all, there is no place for the world of qualities; no essential principles of right, no imperative of

the ought and the ought not. Morality is reduced to the convenient expediency of a sense utilitarianism. And it is this kind of thinking that lies back of, makes so easily and sadly possible the political and commercial corrupting of these portentous times. Not what is right, but will it pay; is it safe; can I control legislatures and courts to cover my wrong?

Over against this sense of philosophy rose up the greater Scotch thinkers—Reid, Stewart and the later Hamilton and McCosh, and the German Kant, Schilling and Hegel—to accentuate the deeper soul side in the natural realism of the whole nature and being of man in the validity of the moral consciousness, and the intuitions of the Divine. Herbert Spencer and Haeckle have written ably from the biological side, but the last words have not been spoken; we have not as yet, as in science, any large collective data of philosophy. But here, also, the foundations of the real await the larger understanding of what man is, what God is.

And theology essayed the task of formulating and defining the doctrines and institutions of religion. Judaism affirmed the unity and holiness of God and a religion of righteousness, of love; institutionalized in a ceremonial law under a priesthood, and spiritualized as a moral law and life of righteousness by the great prophets.

Christianity came as a revelation of the life of God in Christ and of the suffering of love. It accentuated the spiritual teachings of the prophets of God as Father, and men as brothers. John saw Christianity as the Greek thought of the Logos; the word, the reason, the actualizing of the plan of the infinite to come into the finite. Paul saw in this larger accession of the life of God in the soul of man the end of the ceremonial law. At best it was but a teacher, "a school master;" circumcision, the observance of days and moons and the eating of meats were non-essentials; the new life was all.

Under the inspiration and regenerating power of this Divine life of the suffering of love to save, the few disciples, without money or worldly influence, went forth with the great and glad words of the life of God in man. They lived this life; like the Christ, they suffered persecutions and died as martyrs. But the truth, the life, could not die; it rose up in moral grandeur, and in three centuries—before there was a completed New Testament even, and in simple Congregational form—the numbers became so large that Constantine united church and state and made the Roman Empire Christians.

Then began the life of form, of statecraft, of earthly forces instead of the Divine persuasions of reason, of love and life. Rome became the center of religious authority, of a hierarchy, a papacy and cardinals in the place of Christ and the apostles; Rome as a kind of New Jerusalem in place of the old that had fallen. And under Augustine came the Latin doctrine of the fall of man in Adam, original sin, total depravity; a substitutional atonement and endless punishment; doctrines unknown to Judaism, to the prophets, and strange to the early Greek interpreters of Christianity.

Religion was made forensic, a matter of law; God was king, far removed from earth and man; his wrath had to be appeased or the penalties of law violated by Adam, expiated by the death of Christ. And all this gave place and authority for a mediating church and priesthood.

Latin orthodoxy is logical; accept the premises and the conclusions follow; and never was any system more thoroughly organized; and it is authoritative, final in the declarations of faith. The Roman Empire ruled the world politically for a thousand years; Romanism as a religion has ruled for another thousand years.

Protestantism was a revolt against the assumed authority of the hierarchy as the divinely appointed custodians of the means of grace. Luther's one great claim was that souls could go directly to God without this priestly mediation, and this was both a religious and political "Declaration of Independence," for it rested upon and affirmed rights of man, as man. In the essentials of orthodoxy, Romanism and Protestantism are substantially one.

This revolt against the long accepted authority of the church in faith and practice opened a wide door; the leaders were alarmed at the many isms and extravagances that appeared, and Protestantism found shelter in the State Church of Germany, England and Scotland. But the words of liberty, of the rights of man, could not be recalled. The Dissenters arose, and these, too, fearing to trust reason and truth, bound themselves and tried to bind the future, by their creeds. But individualism could not be crowded out, and hence we have the many denominations, and the divisions of these, a dozen or more kinds of Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists. And far better this, with religious liberty, than any form of enforced unity. The church is for man, not man for the church.

And now comes the startling fact: that this whole system of Latin orthodoxy is being questioned, doubted and denied. And not by so-called skeptics, but by many professors, scholars, theologians and most reverent souls, who are saying that the fall of man, original sin, inherited depravity and guilt, were never facts in the world of the real. But upon these supposed facts rests this whole Latin theology of sin and atonement.

The higher criticism leaves in uncertainty the authorship and dates of many books in the Bible; it leaves us a greater literature; but little place for the old claims of plenary inspiration; and less authority in foundations of faith. And along with this are the facts of science, the new astronomy, geology and evolution.

Facing all these facts, Prof. Goldwin Smith says: "Of the gospels, criticism has spared only the character and teachings of Jesus. . . . We can no longer sincerely accept the evidence for the Immaculate Conception, . . . the fall being a myth, as it is now allowed on almost all hands to be. . . . There is no ground for the Atonement; a disclosure which in itself is fatal to the dogmatic and traditional creed of Christendom. . . . The wrench is great; but through frank abandonment of that which cannot be sustained lies our only road to truth, . . . for the first time perhaps in history man stands with his unassisted reason, independent of any revelation or tradition, in face of the mystery of his existence and of the order of the universe. . . . A new religion, independent of tradition, may be born."

And thus, the slow, the long-toiling ages have come and gone. The ages of dualism and war between the Occident and the Orient, out of which came the Roman western civilization. The commerce of the Mediterranean was carried over to the Atlantic; America was discovered; the mightiest nation of the free has arisen between these two oceans; commerce is moving on to the Pacific, and we are approaching the old East from the new West.

There have been the dark and the medieval ages and the long international wars since the re-establishment of the countries and kingdoms of Europe in the sixteenth century.

It has been the slow, hard progress of the higher

becoming of man in the growth of democracy, of civil and religious liberty; the growth of education and morals; the larger and better life of the people; the decline of despotism, slavery, ignorance and poverty.

In the long way, history notes special events, as the Crusades in the twelfth century; chivalry in the thirteenth; the fifteenth as the age of discovery; the sixteenth the reformation; eighteenth, revolutions; nineteenth, inventions; the twentieth has named itself as the century of vast commercialism; the historian must add: of trusts and monopolies; and in other chapters will tell how the people of the country came to own the public utilities.

In the essential attributes of man, in the laws of the material, in the moral order of the good and the influx of a Divine life, we have tried to read and interpret the plan and purpose of the ages. It is the making of man; the development of free beings in the rational and moral grandeurs of transactional life of the true and the good. Such a life must mean more than the few years of time. Man is too great to die. His essential being is in the timeless now of the principles and qualities of the forever.

Of all the ages, the present is easily the greatest in knowledge and the power to do. The Columbian Exposition would not have been possible in 1793. And greater than the exposition was the Parliament of Religion; not in material display, but in its far-reaching influence in the world of thought.

For the first time in history, all the many religions stood face to face; and not for debate, nor in the spirit of one tolerating the other, but in the larger and nobler spirit of recognition, each recognizing the other and each speaking its own words.

The Christian churches did not, and probably could not, then generally recognize the Parliament nor send delegates, but were unofficially represented by individuals. Dear Judge Bonney and Dr. Barrowes—gone from us now—were not afraid to stand up and in the name of love of man and God welcome as brothers the worshipers of all names and lands. And there was in the Parliament such a growing sense of the power of brotherhood and oneness in the love of truth and right that many felt that its spirit and work should in some way be perpetuated, and in response to this, came the Congress of Religion.

But as all could not endorse the Parliament of Religion, the Congress of Religion could not ask nor expect any general denominational recognition or support, but looked only to individuals, to societies and the public, and by this general and generous coöperation has gone along quietly and done a helpful work. It has continued to welcome Brahmins, Buddhists, the Jayne and Shinto, and to emphasize the universality and oneness at bottom of all religions, however different in external forms. And while not debating the differences, or in any way disturbing the autonomy of any, it has sought to bring all nearer together in the great life of love. Not always welcomed by all, dreaded and opposed by some, this is true; that wherever the Congress has met there has been a baptism of brotherhood, a new enthusiasm; the touch, the thrill, the joy of souls redeemed from indifference to others, lifted above jarring discords and made one in the glad harmonies of the Divine.

These forms of work should be continued and enlarged; but the Congress of Religion should do more than hold these occasional meetings. It should take larger and more emphatic part in the troubled, hoping, toiling life of these strange great years. The Congress of Religion should have a special department in UNITY; Congress editors and correspondents; it should publish essays, booklets and larger works; it should be a power in the world of thought.

It is the thinking that at last gives shaping to an age. Back of the materialism, the utilitarianism, the agnosticism, the trusts, monopolies and political corruption of our age is the sense-philosophy of Bacon, Hobbes and Locke. The over-emphasis of the sense side of the material has obscured, denied; the soul side of being, the sense of the Divine, the validity of the moral consciousness. There is no such thing as right, as justice, as an eternal principle; there is no moral order; it is all a question of expediency. Will it pay? Is it safe? Success is the moral criterion of one of such thinking.

The Congress of Religion recognizes the wonderful facts of the material, and the useful; but it sees also and accentuates the spirit side of man and the universe, and the Divine order of the good. It may be that at bottom matter and spirit are one. Science stands now within the gates of a super-sensible world.

We are in a transitional age of thought; hence to many it is a time of religious doubts and indifference. The Congress of Religion stands for faith; not the enforced dogmas of the past, but the real and vital faith of the highest rational and moral consciousness of the present. Standing on the soul side of man and the universe the Congress of Religion has confidence in the eternal realities of the real and recognizes the differing faiths as sincere efforts to interpret that real.

Believing in the integrity and validity of the rational and moral consciousness of man, and in the Infinite Power over all, we have no possible doubt of the reality of religion. The old Latin orthodox may go the way of the old astronomy—and it is going—only to give place to the new heavens and earth of the real facts of a great and reasonable religion of the life of God in man; a religion of righteousness, of love, brotherhood and hope eternal. In the present conditions of materialism, doubt, indifference, the Congress of Religion seeks to awaken in all hearts the higher consciousness of the Divine.

The mighty transition through which we are passing must be a matter of growth; calls for time and patience; but the way of truth must be open; to be self-respecting, the pulpit must be free. The apologetic must give place to the positive. Religion should not be asking for ground upon which to stand; it should stand for the true and the good, for the moral order of the universe, and the morally grand in the ideals and life of a world.

But such freedom is difficult, hardly possible under present conditions, to all minds. Our theological seminaries are bound by the thinking of the past, and begging for students. Professors in our universities are there to teach the truth as it is seen in the great today of world-knowledge. The necessary truths, the laws of thought and the large collective data of the known are accepted; but if a mistake has been made, it is gladly corrected, and the doors are all open for new truths in any field. The thinker in theology is suspected; to depart from old doctrines is heresy, disloyalty, reprimand, trial, expulsion.

Under such conditions our age is turning from these seminaries and looking to the universities for the free and unprejudiced study and teaching of the great facts of religion. The Congress of Religion is not afraid to trust truth, to trust reason, to trust man and God.

The Congress of Religion stands for the universal, is larger in spirit and aim than sects and parties, and hence should take larger part in questions of

sociology—industrial, education, labor, capital, war and peace. It should send delegates to the conventions where these subjects are studied. The Congress of Religion is optimistic. With a great faith in the power of God and the possibilities of man, it works and hopes for the triumphs of the good.

O brothers, there are great wrongs to be righted, burdens to be lifted, closed doors to be opened; great truths to be taught and doubts and fears cleared away; great possibilities to be actualized in the power of the justice of love to end the horrors of war and the needs of poverty and bring in the glad years of peace and plenty, the joy of brotherhood and the hope of the forever.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—I have great faith in preaching; faith that a religious sentiment, a religious idea, will revolutionize the world to beauty, holiness, peace and love.

MON.—It is only free men that can find the truth, love the truth, live the truth.

TUES.—Christianity is humanity.

WED.—The noblest monument to Christ, the fairest trophy of religion, is a noble people, where all are well fed and clad, industrious, free, educated, manly, pious, wise, and good.

THURS.—We shall have a Commonwealth based on righteousness, which is the strength of any people, and shall stand longer than Egypt,—national fidelity to God our age-outlasting pyramid!

FRI.—Commonly, I think, men and women of simple religious feeling furnish the facts which men of great thoughtful genius work up into philanthropic theology.

SAT.—I value Integrity above all human virtues.

Theodore Parker.

The Children's Part in the Dedicatory Exercises of Abraham Lincoln Centre.

After the dedication poem, read by W. D. Nesbit, ten of the Sunday-school children filed in from the right of the platform and in turn recited the following verses:

Worthy its name! O God, can we
Ask for this house we raise to thee
A finer test, a higher fame,
Than that it shameth not its name?
Broad as the deep and changing sea,—
Its corner-stone Integrity;
Simple as he,—as plain,—as true,—
O give us strength like him to do!
The flag he loved o'er it shall fly,
White-rimmed, since Peace is our ally;
And may through it his prophet name,—
To which each age brings added fame,—
Stand for the new Beautitude
Of man's eternal brotherhood.

A. A. O.

Will what our ballots rear, responsible
To no grave forethought, stand so long as this,—
Delight like this the eye of after days
Brightening with pride that here, at least, were men
Who meant and did the noblest thing they knew?

LOWELL.

Here the architect
Did not with curious skill a pile erect
Of carved marble, touch, or porphyry,
But built a house for hospitality;
No sumptuous chimney-piece of shining stone
Invites the stranger's eyes to gaze upon
And coldly entertain his sight; but clear
And cheerful flames cherish and warm him here.

CAREW.

No house can stand, no kingdom can endure,
Built on the crumbling rock of self-desire;
Nothing is living stone, nothing is sure
That is not whitened in the social fire.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

"Our country hath a gospel of her own
To preach and practice before all the world,—
The freedom and divinity of man,
The glorious claims of human brotherhood,—
Which to pay nobly, as a freeman should,
Gains the sole wealth that will not fly away,—
And the soul's fealty to none but God."

LOWELL.

"What is yon factory?" said a passer-by,
Or warehouse, towering up athwart the sky?
What business is conducted here? What trade?
What company controls? What goods are made?"
It chanced the questioner,—the fate of few,—
Had asked his question of a man who knew,—
Proprietor, perhaps, for unafraid,
He said, "A factory, sir, where men are made."

E. H. W.

The Ant.

My child, observe the useful Ant,
How hard she works each day.
She works as hard as adamant;
(That's very hard, they say).
She has no time to gallivant;
She has no time to play.
Let Fido chase his tail all day;
Let Kitty play at tag:
She has no time to throw away;
She has no tail to wag.
She scurries round from noon till night;
She never, never sleeps;
She seizes everything in sight,
And drags it home with all her might,
And all she takes she keeps.

A Child's Primer of Natural History.

Oliver Herford.

An "Ant Box."

Once a good many years ago we took a starch box, filled it with earth and sand, and on the top sprinkled a layer of granulated sugar. We left the box out of doors. The next day there were hundreds of ants in the box, tunneling the earth, having selected this fruitful spot for their homes. It made a beautiful place where one could watch the ants and for many days the box was surrounded by a circle of childish heads eagerly interested in what they could see. It was fascinating to watch the ants bringing up the grains of sand to excavate their houses and taking down the grains of sugar to store them away as food.

They often seemed to get a little mixed in their operations, and this letter of Darwin's, given above, may explain many actions of ants which have been most confusing to one who has read Sir John Lubbock's works and has tried to observe for himself their wonderful intelligence.

Herford's verse on "The Ant" may seem somewhat frivolous, but its delightful nonsense illuminates a large amount of sense.

E. T. K.

The Grasshopper and the Cricket.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When ev'n the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warn little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
O, sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song,—
Indoors and out, summer and winter,—Mirth!

Leigh Hunt.

So he. This is the factory, we the men,
When we are finished we'll speak to you again."

E. H. W.

Not a vain and cold ideal,
Not a poet's dream alone,
But a presence warm and real
Seen and felt and known.

Within these walls may worship fill
Our waiting souls anew,
A present help within our lives
To make them pure and true.

E. E. MAREAN.

To aspirations then of our own minds
Did we appeal; and, finally, beheld
A living confirmation of the whole
Before us.

WORDSWORTH.

We give you joy, you builders of the temple,
We of the future greet you gratefully.
Whoever falters we will never fail you,
Your children pledge their love and loyalty.
And you, the Master Builder of the spirit,
On whom the whitening crown of years descends,
Who bore the noonday heat and toil of conflict
Undaunted, with the strength that courage lends,
We bring the Future to your waiting hand;
We *are* the Future, and we understand.

Antiphonal singing from Gounod's "Redemption" by the Sunday-school children, seated in the two galleries, followed these recitations.

The feeling of unity, which was the strong feeling through the entire service, was increased by this participation of the children.

They sang with clearness, sweetness and spirit, and the congregation joined in the chorus,
"Lovely appear over the mountains
The feet of them that preach and bring good news of peace."

From Charles Darwin to Aug. Forel.

DOWN, October 15, 1874.

I should like to tell you one little observation which I made with care many years ago. I saw ants (*Fonnica rufa*) carrying cocoons from a nest which was the largest I ever saw and which was well known to all the country people near, and an old man, apparently about eighty years of age, told me that he had known it ever since he was a boy. The ants carrying the cocoons did not appear to be emigrating; following the line, I saw many ascending a tall fir tree still carrying their cocoons. But when I looked closely I found that all the cocoons were empty cases. This astonished me, and next day I got a man to observe with me, and we again saw ants bringing empty cocoons out of the nest; each of us fixed on one ant and slowly followed it, and repeated the observation on many others. We thus found that some ants soon dropped their empty cocoons; others carried them for many yards, as much as thirty paces, and others carried them high up the fir tree out of sight. Now here I think we have one instinct in contest with another and mistaken one. The first instinct being to carry the empty cocoon out of the nest, and it would have been sufficient to have laid them on the heap of rubbish, as the first breath of wind would have blown them away. And then came in the contest with the other very powerful instinct of preserving and carrying their cocoons as long as possible; and this they could not help doing, although the cocoons were empty. According as the one or other instinct was the stronger in each individual ant, so did it carry the empty cocoon to a greater or less distance.

Yours sincerely,

CH. DARWIN.

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THE FIELD.

'The World is my Country to do good is my Kingdom."

Foreign Notes.

FROM THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY.—Through the kindness of Mme. degli Asinelli a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, describing Miss Hobhouse's latest undertaking among the Boers, is brought to the attention of UNITY readers. Here it is:

The high tableland just across the Orange river looks bare and lifeless and yellow after long years of drought. The wide expanse bristles with square-cut mountains, each with a pointed one beside it. One of these kopjes, built out of red and orange rocks, was fortified by the British troops when they held the little town of Philippolis below it. The soldiers had need to disturb nature but little in order to do this, and among the rocks warfare has left scarcely a trace. A stranger might think that from Philippolis, too, the war had vanished. In the town most of the houses are rebuilt and the church, happily, had escaped entire destruction. The whole population was swept from the place, but the men on commando—such as survived—are at work again and the women and children who escaped the greater risk of camp life have their homes once more.

Although it puzzles our English mind to understand how at any time a livelihood can be won from so bare and dry a land as this, yet it seems that in former times such a thing as want was hardly known. For this reason the stranger in Philippolis would not guess that there is poverty now, because no one has the bearing associated with poverty in England. But on every hand there is the same difficulty of straitened means. In one family, hitherto comfortably off, it is the problem of living at all; in another it is the loss of all the things that make life interesting and open and the closing of the door for the development of the children. The loss in flocks and herds and the cost of restocking has burdened farms with mortgages, and bad seasons make it a bitter struggle to pay interest and live out of the margin left. In a country where there are no manufactures to employ surplus labor, how can the dwellers in villages and on the farms add to their income?

Today there is a new English occupation of Philippolis, the advance force of an enterprise to solve the riddle by introducing various industries which can be carried on in the home and which should render the country districts less dependent on very highly priced articles of import. It is a scheme which the village storekeeper need not fear, as it should lead to an increase in the spending power of the people. The expedition is led by Miss Hobhouse and supported by a committee in England. The plan includes: (1) The preparing, spinning, dyeing and weaving of wool at home for carpets, rugs and garments, first for the use of the household, but also, it is hoped, for sale. (2) Lace-making, the aim being to make lace of the best kind and design, for which, in the opinion of experts, there is a good market. (3) The establishment of these industries on a co-operative basis and the organization co-operative credit for acquiring spinning wheels, looms, hoisting machines and other apparatus. (It is expected, however, that in many cases wheels and looms can be made in the households.) In a country without factories, and where long and difficult transport makes imported goods very costly, it is obvious that handwork has an economic position impossible in England. At the same time the need for further employment is created by the position of population relatively to the possibilities of agriculture in this country, quite apart from the impoverishment following the war.

As it is barely a fortnight since the work was begun, it is needless to say that the enterprise has not advanced on all these lines at once. Neither is the staff strong enough at present to cope with all the pupils who press for admission. But there are thirteen girls now at work mastering the entire series of processes by which the fleece is turned into material and their teachers are astonished at the quickness of both hands and head which, on the whole, is shown. The pupils have been learning to spin the wool from the sheep of their own districts. Of these sheep there seem to be two chief kinds—one produces beautiful merino of a soft and fine quality; the other yields a coarse wool in which there is a large amount of kempt. From the girls' eagerness to learn whatever Miss Hobhouse and her teachers can show them, it is clear that very rapid progress is possible—provided, of course, that as much perseverance is shown as their intelligence promises. It is not a matter of putting energy into the unwilling, as is so unhappily the case with much of our social work at home. Some of the thirteen live in Philippolis and others have come for the purpose of learning from farms at a distance. In one case the mother called three times to beg that her daughter might be admitted among the first, as they were moving out of that district in a few months and she wished her to learn everything connected with spinning and weaving before they went. Another girl rises at half past two every morning in order that she may do her household work and bake and wash and then have time for six hours in the school of handwork. A present from her baking tasted very sweet to the English party.

All the people experienced the breaking up of home and confinement in camp. Although no general murmur or resentment shows how deeply Boer women felt the indignity and suffering of their captivity, yet that experience seems to be the overpowering fact in the thoughts which mould the generation now growing up. Picture the entire young girl life of a country possessed by such a memory! And then picture the familiar figures of our own villages, returned to their even work and unemotional ways after three years' fighting for hearth and home, and you will realize a little how Philippolis feels.

The town shows great interest in this present undertaking, an appreciation which would touch the friends in England who helped to fit it out. Not a day passes without the arrival of several presents—fruit, or vegetables, or flowers, or eggs, or milk, or a delicate piece of spring bok, or bread, or samples of wool, or mohair from the valued Angora goat. These are precious gifts in an Orange River household, and they are an outlet to the gratitude which the Boers feel toward Miss Hobhouse for her help and presence among the women and children in their imprisonment. No doubt the warmth with which the enterprise is welcomed is very largely a matter of personal trust.

There are but a hundred subscribers in England behind the scheme, yet in Philippolis the Boers have met its first efforts more than halfway, and the devotion and enthusiasm of friends in the village leave nothing undone which could help towards success. To the kindness of one are due the convenient premises and large workroom at a very low rent, and the work has a guardian angel in the Rev. C. Fraser, one of the most respected ministers in the Orange River Colony, and father-in-law of President Steyn. It was Mr. Fraser who made every arrangement in preparing for the work and it is Mr. Fraser whose counsel is sought at every point and in every difficulty. So "Boerinnen-Handwork" opens with fair promise, and surely this promise justifies the desire to strengthen the staff, in order that the various lines indicated above may be fully developed and that the leader may be free to set work going in other districts which are now waiting for her. Those of your readers who would like to join the hundred subscribers who have provided the means so far might communicate with the treasurer, Miss Pretions, 290 King Road, Chelsea, London.

Until it was seen how these ideas for home industry would be received by the Boars it was difficult to feel confidence in shaping efforts. But now possibilities are unfolding themselves which were hardly dreamt of in the beginning—possibilities born of the receptive and hearty spirit of the people here. Those who have the work in hand are determined that no means shall be left untried for realizing these possibilities if but the necessary support be extended to their endeavors.

M. C.

Orange River Colony, March 26, 1905.

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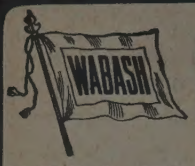

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